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THE BOROUGH TOWN

OF

WESTCHESTER.

New York

—•••1896•••—

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY

FORDHAM MORRIS,

on the 28th day of October, 1896,

BEFORE THE

Westchester County Historical Society,

IN THE

COURT HOUSE,

at White Plains, N. Y.

1552970

THE BOROUGH TOWN OF WESTCHESTER.

By a law passed in 1895, this ancient township has become a part of New York city.

Curious to relate, it enters the city with practically the same boundaries as were prescribed and intended in its first patent and charter, 229 years ago. Its natural characteristics are: tide water or streams on its boundaries—rolling ridges, with an altitude at the very highest point not exceeding 200 feet above tide level, placed so as to afford pleasing prospects across its salt meadows or lower plateaus, valleys running into each other, affording convenient sites for streets, railways and drainage operations, while its shores recede inland on gentle grades with estuaries from deep navigable waters, presenting easy problems for the engineer and dockbuilder to change it from rural to city uses.

Its boundaries are East River to the south, the Bronx River to the west, Eastchester Town to the north, and Hutchinson's River and Pelham Bay to the east. It brings nearly ten thousand acres into the city territory, and adds about ten thousand people to its population. This is only an estimate,

as we have no recent census to guide us, and its recent growth has been phenomenal.

The Sinoway was the Indian tribe inhabiting the region before its settlement by whites. This tribe was probably friendly, for no record of its participation in war appears, though some of its inland neighbors were hostile. The Indian villages within the township were two: one in the Bear Swamp, near where the Morris Park race track is situated, the other on Castle Hill Neck on the western side of the outlet of Westchester Creek. Adrian Blok, on his voyage of discovery of East River and Long Island Sound was probably the first white man who saw their wigwams perched on the crown of Castle Hill, where the Screven place now is. The Dutch as early as 1639-40, to extinguish the Indian title, had purchased from them, receiving two deeds of all the lands we now know to be within the bounds of Westchester County. From those two deeds and the original discovery of the water fronts on both the Hudson and Sound sides of Westchester County the primal jurisdiction based on discovery as well as purchase gave the Dutch undoubted governmental and proprietary authority.

Shortly after the purchase, one John Throckmorton settled on what we now call Throgg's Neck and soon afterwards one Cornell settled on what we call Clason's Point. Both of these settlements were made by and with the consent of the Dutch authorities. This and the adjoining territory had been christened by the Dutch Vreelandt or the "free land," for on it the West India Company permitted and encouraged settlements by the many refugees from New England, driven away by the

religious persecutions of that country. The enjoyment of these privileges was short lived, for the homes of the settlers were destroyed by the Indian raid of the Weekquasesgeeks in 1652. They drove the Cornell's from Clason's Point, Throckmorton from Throgg's Neck, and foully murdered Ann Hutchinson, the most distinguished of all the New England refugees, at her home on the borders of the township. This fearful calamity, the lack of interest manifested towards the colony by the Holland government, the possibly factitious influences of the English speaking subjects of the company, who had settled at Oostdorp or the East Village, as Westchester was then called, all tended to render New Netherland an easy conquest for the English in 1664, as it is a matter of history that many other English besides Throckmorton and Cornell settled at Oostdorp, without permission from the Dutch. Petrus Stuyvesant to punish them had also imprisoned some, and only released them on the petition of weeping wives and oaths of allegiance to the Dutch Company and accepting such magistrates as Stuyvesant approved. It also appears, that even a few months before the surrender, one Thomas Pell from Connecticut, who had procured an Indian grant, confirmed by Connecticut, dated 1654, covering all the region within our township, and much more in Eastchester, prevailed upon the English settlers at Oostdorp to transfer their rights to him, and then on the next day he generously permits them "to enjoy the fullest improvements of their labors."

Hardly was the English order of things established when Pell began a suit in the Court of Assizes to oust the Cornell heirs from

their settlement on Clasou's Point, but the Court recognized the early grants and upheld the articles of capitulation by which every man was secured in the estate possessed by him at the time of the surrender. Nicoll, the English commander, acted with fairness and wise deliberation. The people who had either under the Dutch or Pell's auspices, settled between Rattlesnake or Black Dog Brook or west of Hutchinson's River were permitted to remain.

This settlement was where part of Wakefield, now also annexed to the city, and Mount Vernon are situated.

Cornell's grant on the Neck was confirmed as far east as Barrett's Creek.

The people at Oostdorp were not disturbed and Pell was kept generally to the east of Hutchinson's River.

Having adjusted the disputed grants, in 1667, Nicoll issued the first patent calling the town Westchester, describing it within the same boundaries it had at its recent dissolution. He appointed John Quinby, John Ferris, Nicholas Bayley, William Betts and William Walters on behalf of themselves and the other freeholders and inhabitants patentees of all the lands in the said town not otherwise disposed of. The political and proprietary rights secured by this grant created a community with each freeholder possessing his share in the land with rights of pasture in the range for cattle, sheep and hogs, which by the terms of the grant extended into the woods indefinitely but really only until some line of an earlier grant was found. Each one was also entitled to a home lot—which soon became a fee estate. The home lots were about

where the present village now is. The pasture lands or commons extended at first in every direction, but were, as the inhabitants increased, gradually allotted in severalty by the freeholders at town meetings. Magistrates, subject to the approval of the Governor, were elected by the people and, thus the little Republic began.

They were farmers or men with trades necessary in a rural neighborhood. Nicoll had changed the name of the province from New Netherland to New York and naming nearly all the other settlements after the various titles which King James, then Duke of York, possessed, such as York, Albany, etc., to carry out the analogy called Long Island and Westchester Yorkshire. Our town lay in the North Riding of Yorkshire.

During the short interregnum of the Dutch recapture in 1673, the inhabitants again swore allegiance to the Dutch. They delivered up the flag and the constables' staves and joined in a respectful submission. They were granted the rights and privileges of Hollanders and pardoned for their past errors in "coquetting with Pell and the other English."

The terms of the treaty of Breeda, providing that the Dutch should have Venezuela or Surinam instead of New Netherland, leaves little of interest to mention about the short Dutch reoccupancy. In 1673, we may say the English colonial period of Westchester began.

Her people at first attended the courts and assemblies held in New York and on Long Island. Governor Dongan confirmed in 1686 the Nicoll's patent, but it continued to be the North Riding of Yorkshire until 1691, when the County of Westchester was erected, and being then the most con-

siderable settlement it is a fair deduction that the town named in 1667, gave the name to the County from which it has just been severed.

In 1696 Governor Fletcher erected Westchester into a Borough town, giving it separate representation in the General Assembly.

Col. Caleb Heathcote, one of the most distinguished of all the men in colonial times, and then of the Governor's Council, seems to have been one of the largest land owners and was appointed the first Mayor. He was also its first Assemblyman. He, too, at one time, was Mayor of New York, for *honors were easy* in those days, and plurality of offices seemed to be the customary thing. Besides he was a Judge and Colonel of the Militia, and as in the early days there was no church, he had his men drilled on a Sunday and ordered the Captain to read the Scriptures to them as part of the military exercises. The Borough continued to have its representation in the Provincial Assembly, separate from the other parts of the County down to the time when Tryon, the last Colonial Governor of New York, (in 1776), taking refuge on a British ship in New York Harbor, prorogued the last session of the Colonial Legislature. The Morrisises, Liberals, or the DeLanceys, Tories, seem to have been, after Heathcote, the representatives for the Borough, as the Liberal or Tory parties prevailed, for the Morrisises were freemen, though not residents of the Borough, and the DeLanceys at the West Farms Mills had succeeded in the female line to Heathcote, as he left no male heirs to his holdings.

Isaac Wilkins, the owner of Castle Hill, who had intermarried with the Morrisises of Morrisania, was also the representative just before the Revolu-

tion. His family tie with that Revolutionary stock did not prevent his siding with the King, and later he became a loyal refugee from the country and lived for a time in England. Returning after the Revolution, he retained the homestead on Castle Hill, took holy orders and became rector of St. Peter's after the establishment of the new order of things. History takes no sides but records facts, and a distant connection cannot now refrain, after the heated family and political dissensions are ended, to give to good Parson Wilkins' memory the tribute it merits. Loyal to his King, he sided with the Phillippes of Yonkers and other Tories, and did all he could by pen, speech and in open opposition to Lewis Morris, his brother-in-law, who as a representative of New York, signed the Declaration of Independence. But after the War he came back to his old home, was foremost in helping his former neighbors to reorganize their affairs, taught them not only higher agriculture, learned by him in England, but for years as lay reader, and ordained priest, from the pulpit of Saint Peter's, read the beautiful service of the Protestant Episcopal Church, administered its sacraments and told the old, old story of duty to God and duty to neighbors.

To return to a further consideration of the ancient Borough: With Heathcote as Mayor, we find William Barnes, John Stuart, William Willett, Thomas Baxter, Josiah Stuart and John Bailey the first Aldermen, and Israël Honeywell, Robert Huestis, Samuel Ferris, Daniel Turner and Miles Oakley, the Assistant Aldermen. It had its separate seal, Mayor's Court, Constable, Keeper of the Mace, and other usual municipal paraphernalia. Its well kept records show the mode of life adopted by those rural burghers.

Three mills were in the township, one at the

West Farms, on the Bronx, another near the mouth of Black Dog Brook and a tide mill and causeway at the crossing of Westchester Creek, connecting Throgg's Neck, which is almost an island, with the mainland. A ferry running to Flushing was established at the end of the Throgg's Neck road, not far from where Thomas Havemeyer's Dock now is. Pelham Bridge was not built until long after the Revolution, and the driving route to New York was to Kingsbridge by way of the ford or bridge at West Farms near the present dam by the ice house in Bronx Park, or after crossing the Bronx by a lane on the west side of the Bronx leading to Morrisania, where Harlem River was crossed by a scow ferry which landed passengers near the foot of 125th Street. This Borough existence was recognized as late as the full establishment of the state government in 1785.

Some have likened this ancient town to those of New England and Long Island, whilst others, zealous members of the Episcopal Church, have tried to make themselves and others believe that the town was a reproduction of an English parish of the 18th century such as we read of in the Spectator or the tales of Fielding and Smollett. They fancy the Squire in his high backed pew, the parson in his wig, gown and surplice, telling the congregation its duty to their Maker and also as to tithes, the Royal Family, the House of Hanover, and the Protestant Succession. Neither is a correct similitude. The officials, though elected, were subject to the Governor's approval, and no rigid rule as to church membership prevailed as in the New England towns. The town, not the church wardens and vestry attended to most of the temporalities such as highways and bridges, and though the vestry levied

the church rates, the town built and paid for the church, and in very late colonial times released its interest in the church property to the rector, church wardens and vestry.

Though the Church was supported partially by a tax, the school-master was supported by the Borough, but until post revolutionary times the poor were a Parish charge. Though an act for settling orthodox ministers in the province was passed shortly after the establishment of the English Colonial system, (for of course the English was the orthodox church in colonial times) those sons of Cromwellian soldiers, Quaker refugees and Independents did not at first take kindly to a State Church, and good Parson Bartow, the first Church of England minister in the town, did not even wear or own a surplice. Many of the people were gradually won over to mother church, so far as a student can judge from reading the good minister's letters to the Society in England, more by his own loving kindness and self respect rather than any inherent love those hard-working farmers had for the Church of England. Besides the Quakers had established their meeting-house in the town almost as early as the Church of England edifice was erected and its graveyard is still to be found adjoining the Episcopal churchyard, though the Meeting House and those who were moved by the Spirit within it, have long since departed.

Across the Bronx a Dutch congregation had also been established at Fordham. The first Episcopal Church was not an imposing edifice though it had an apology for a steeple in the shape of a cupola which the clergyman in his letter's to England said looked like a pigeon house, and though the clergyman was paid a small stipend, it was added to by re-

mittances from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts. The parson more than earned his salary, for not only did he have the church in Westchester, but Yonkers and Eastchester also came under his ministration. The church at Westchester has the distinction of having had as its rector at the outbreak of the Revolution, the Rev. Samuel Seabury, afterwards consecrated bishop in Scotland, from whom our other bishops in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States trace apostolic succession, but the glamour of its ever having been a semi-aristocratic living in the English sense of the term is founded on no state of facts which are worthy of credence. Some documents following the English form were signed by the Bishop of London and entrusted to Colonial Governors to enable them to induct the reverend gentlemen into the parish, where in early times they were grudgingly paid and sometimes not paid at all, and it is a fair statement to make that from the time of Bartow to Seabury in colonial times and from Wilkins to the present Dr. Clendenin, tithes were unknown. Advowsons, in the English sense of the word, did not exist, and the good example and holy lives of the clergyman themselves were the centre and controlling powers, under God, of old St. Peter's influence, whether it was the good Bartow acting as a missionary to the souls of a flock without a shepherd, or the present reverend incumbent, who, by his manly actions and fair outspoken war on vice and disorder, succeeded at the head of its better citizens in purging the town from political misrule, finally succeeding in obtaining the legislation which has annexed the Township to the City of New York.

From a very early period a Court House and jail for the County had been located at Westchester. It was burned in 1790. Courts were

frequently held there before that time.

The representation of the Borough in the Board of Supervisors was continuous down to 1778, but from that year to 1784, no record of a supervisor as such appears, as the town was within the debatable ground during the Revolution. To the credit of the Borough, however, it appears that many of its inhabitants, refugees from their homes, considered themselves freeholders and inhabitants of the Borough and appeared at the temporary Court House on King street, near the Connecticut border and appointed Thomas Hunt, Abraham Leggett, Israel Honeywell, John Oakley, Gilbert Oakley, Daniel White and John Smith to serve the town on the County Committee, which gave so much aid during the Revolution.

The annals of the Borough in Revolutionary times are worthy our consideration. As you remember after the battle of Long Island, in the summer of 1776, Washington's army still occupied the northern portion of Manhattan Island. A strong line of American pickets was posted along the Westchester County shore of Harlem River stretching from Kingsbridge to Hell Gate. The plan of Howe, the British General, was to destroy the American army on Manhattan Island and then pushing north and east to obtain a footing in Westchester County so as to cut off the line of communication between New England and New Jersey. With the deep harbor of New York and its city as his base of supplies from without; the roads along and leading to the Hudson in his possession; with all Westchester and Long Island for *forage, wood and other supplies*, his wedge of veterans could separate the thirteen colonies and make an easy connection for another army to advance from Canada. But Washington's

prophetic eye foresaw the danger. His *raw and ever changing army*, he knew, could not for long cope with veterans—short of supplies, arms and ammunition, pay doubtful, jealousy between colonies, complicated congressional aid, and a population in the city of New York divided as to the *merits* of the controversy, rendered his tenure of Fort Washington on Manhattan Island subject to the worst of all enemys, *treachery in his midst*. Political as well as military considerations required that he should guard well an interior line of communication between the colonies. The Hudson and fastnesses of the Westchester Hills were chosen as the citadel from which he never swerved during the long war. Events in our Borough rendered this masterly strategy possible.

As early as August, 1776, a part of Howe's fleet made a reconnoissance up East River and Long Island Sound as far as City Island. The landing party on Pelham Neck, after committing some depredations, were driven away by Graham's regiment of Westchester militia. A flank movement on Washington's left and rear and the hemming in of the army on Manhattan Island were therefore to be guarded against, and on September 4th, Washington and General Heath, who commanded the Americans in Westchester, consulted together at Kingsbridge. Heath formed a chain of videttes along the East River extending all along shore from Hell Gate to Throgg's Neck and broke up the roads leading from Morrisania and Delancey's Mills to Kingsbridge, so as to render them impassable for the British wagons and artillery: trees were felled and deep pits dug in the roads. But the enemy's intentions were not plain. Howe had landed a number of troops at Randall's Island: the contingencies against attacks on Fort Washington,

by way of Harlem, Hunt's Point or Throgg's Neck were all to be guarded against.

Several manoeuvres were made by both the British and Americans during September in the regions adjacent to but not pertinent to our subject, but on October 3rd, General Heath, with Colonel Hand of the Rifles, made a reconnoissance as far as Throgg's Neck. The causeway at the old village connecting the main with Throgg's Neck over Westchester Creek, the Mill Dam of colonial times, already referred to, seemed to be a strong strategic point. The bridges of planks over the overflow and sluiceway of the tidal mill if removed would form two gaps for an enemy to cross. A pile of cordwood arranged parallel with the creek and on the village side seemed as if it was placed there by providence to form a breastwork. Twenty-five of Hand's picked riflemen were placed behind the woodpile. Should the enemy advance from Throgg's Neck the planking over the water and sluiceway was ordered to be taken up and in case they could not prevent the enemy's advance they were told to burn the mill and retreat. Further to the east at the head of Westchester Creek where the salt meadows intervene between that estuary and Pelham Bay, about where the Pelham Parkway now crosses, another force was posted to prevent a crossing over the meadows and the capture of the road leading to Eastchester. On the 12th day of October, the British fleet and boats laden with troops went up the East River and landed at Throgg's Neck where the present highway ends at the Havermeyer place. They got as far as the east end of the causeway. Hand's men took up the planking on the bridge and opened

fire. The unerring aim of American rifles checked the veterans of European battle fields, and, just as preconceived, the left flank at the head of the Creek was attacked. But Prescott, with his men, who had fought at Bunker Hill, re-inforced the riflemen at the wood pile and causeway. A three-pounder cannon served by Bryant also did good service there, while Graham with his Westchester regiment, the rest of Col. Hand's regiment and Jackson's six pounder, held the head of the creek. Night fell and the British bivouacked on the Neck. Washington visited the line late in the day, encouraged his gallant men, whom he found in good spirits, and his former doubts became a conviction that Westchester County was the object of Howe's attack. Earthworks were thrown up by both armies on each side of the old bridge. Our riflemen and the British *yagers* kept up a skirmish fire for the next two days, and Howe finding our position too strong to carry with light troops, advanced his heavy guns and commenced the erection of a heavy earthwork on the heights opposite the bridge and village near where the Presbyterian Church now stands. While this light line of Americans held the main part of Howe's army in check, news was brought to Washington of the Hessians having landed at New Rochelle. With a considerable force of British in his front at Manhattan Island and the powerful force on his left flank and rear ready to advance on Kingsbridge and sure to gain that point finally, a movement of the main army was necessary. Six days had intervened since Howe's landing at Throgg's Neck. In that time the masterly retreat up the Albany Post Road to the Sawmill River and along the west bank of the Bronx was made towards White Plains and only a small garrison was left in Fort Washington on

Manhattan Island. On the 18th, Howe opened fire with his heavy guns from the earthwork opposite the village and attacked the meadows, his seeming objective point the Eastchester and Kingsbridge roads. For some unaccountable reason his attack in that direction was not made, though there was skirmishing and artillery fire, merely as a feint, for his final object was to form a junction with the Hessians at New Rochelle, which he accomplished after a hard fight with Glover and his Marblehead Regiment on Pelham Neck—but that junction was also delayed to put his men across Pelham Bay in boats instead of carrying the Eastchester road and marching either to New Rochelle or Kingsbridge. The battle of White Plains and the Hessian conquest of Fort Washington is outside the scope of our paper, but to our Borough belongs the honor of being the site where Howe's advance was checked and the retreat to White Plains made possible. It is hoped that the patriotism of the residents of the old Borough will before long place a monument near the old causeway commemorative of this seemingly slight but vastly important battle of Westchester Creek.

Time will not permit us to tell the numerous tales of partisan warfare, foraging raids, and romantic episodes of love and war which our old Borough witnessed during those stirring times when it was part of the *debatable ground*—suffice it to say that never again did a large force visit it during the Revolution, and its ancient oaks attest the fact of its not having suffered as heavily from the ravages of war as other parts of our county immediately to the west.

The war was over, a new rule began and our old Borough, still recognized as such in its proprietary rights, became part of the Great Republic. In 1791

the town was extended to take in all the southern part of Westchester County south of Yonkers and Eastchester between the Hudson and East River. How West Farms and Morrisania were carried out the reconstructed town, and how West Farms and Morrisania became the 23d and 24th wards of New York city, leaving Westchester cut off by city parks from the rest of the County you all know. A few words, however, of the ancient town within its Borough limits describing it in its lost rural condition will complete our sketch. The early maps of Colonial times, the official campaign map made by Erskine, Washington's geographer, now in the New York Historical Society, the official township and county maps on file with the state engineer, the mid-century map of Sydney and Neff, the ancient town and Borough records and deeds at White Plains, and tales told to us as boy and man by friends and neighbors, all are the materials on which we base the mementoes of the social side of the Borough in post Revolutionary times.

Between the Revolution and our mid-century we find the Necks occupied by wealthy merchants who placed on the breezy shores of the East River their summer homes, but compelled, as now, by the exacting cares of commercial life to be near the growing metropolis. The point of Clason's Neck was in the occupation of Daniel Ludlow, grandfather of people who, to-day, move in the most respected circles of New York society; his colonial mansion is still standing; his four-in-hand with relays on the road to New York was the fore-runner of the Tally-Ho, which now toots its way to the Country Club. Old Walter Rutherford, a New York beau of the early century, tells in his letters recently published, how Abijah Hammond was building a *palace* at Westchester, Abijah is gone, but the

house still stands at the end of Throgg's Neck, occupied in later times by the Whiteheads, Havermeyer, the founder of the great sugar house and Supervisor of the Town, and now by his son Thomas: grand example of colonial architecture with thick stone walls about the grounds and an incomparable view of Sound and river, from whence no doubt Fennimore Cooper, on a visit to his Delancey relatives in the neighborhood, drew his type of the residence of Corny Lilliepage, in the novel of *Satanstoe*: Bayards were also on the Neck not far from where the Coster house now stands, and near by later lived General Strong of our late war, and Silas M. Stillwell, to whom belongs the honor of abolishing imprisonment for debt, George Lorillard, one of the three brothers had built the Spencer house and owned the farms on which the VanCortlandts, Furmans, another Supervisor, Edgars, later on the Waterburys, Robert, Morris and Lorillard Spencer had or have their holdings; Inland, the Ferrises, Leggetts, Honeywells, Heustaces, names mentioned in the colonial patents, still tilled their ancestral acres on the Neck Road. Philip Livingston, who had married into the Bayard family, signer of our Second State Constitution, had begun his fine residence and planted there the first Cedar of Lebanon ever brought to America, under whose shade, many years afterwards, public-spirited Peter VanSchaick conceived the idea of presenting to the town the pretty Library building now in the village, since amply endowed by Collis P. Huntington. On Castle Hill Neck Isaac Wilkins, already mentioned, had bought the sheep pasture commons and combined the care of his congregation at St. Peter's with agriculture. He built the house of Castle Hill, afterwards improved and enlarged by his courtly grandson, Gouverneur Morris Wilkins. The Hell Gate

pilots then plied their trade at the old farm house at the end of Prime's Point, now occupied by the Swiss chalet of Jacob Lorillard, appropriately called "All Breeze," and the ancestors of the Adees, now at Pennyfield on the Bay, then owned their farms near Williamsbridge, and their large hipped roof house at the junction of the Williamsbridge and West Farms Road was long a landmark to the wayfarer. Further on at the Bronx Mills was Rose Hill, owned by the Delanceys, heirs of Col. Heathcote, with its mansion house, stone mill, out-buildings and ancient pines. Some more Ludlows, as the century wore on, settled on Classon's Point, originally Cornell's Neck, now known as Black Rock, from the huge boulder we see looming up amidst the flat meadows stretching towards East River and a new bridge and highway called the turnpike was laid out from the village to West Farms crossing the Bronx and struck the Coles road leading to the New Harlem Bridge at Lewis Morris', oppsite Harlem. The LeRoys, Rappelyeas and Edgars wishing to get from Pelham to Morrisania, about 1835 built the Pelham Bridge, famous resort for fishermen, and laid out the road across Dormer's Island passing by Stinnardtown and under the Spy Oak to the Causeway at Westchester. Annieswood, the Hunter place, now in Pelham Park, was built in the fifties and not till after our late civil war was Pelham avenue laid out across the meadows where now the Parkway runs. Before the mid-century, David Lydig and his son Phillip had succeeded Delancey at the mills and the Lorillards, and Bolton with his bleachery, had established their snuff mills on the Bronx, between West Farms and Williamsbridge. The Bussings, Briggs and Corsas held most of the land where Olinville and Williamsbridge villages are now.

On the Eastchester slope, the highest part of the town, the Givan and Palmer homesteads stood: the latter home of the charming wife of Captain May, an artillery hero of our Mexican war. Down by the meadows lived Thomas Timpson, a retired New York merchant, while on the Williamsbridge road Capt. Spencer, a navy officer of the war of 1812, lived at the corner, whilst where now Morris Park looms over the landscape, Denton Pearsall, retired banker and butcher, told of his apprentice days with one of the Astors, and Abram Hatfield, many times Supervisor, cracked his jokes and told of his experiences as a New York Alderman. Further south was the Mapes farm, and further down on the Westchester Turnpike, William Watson's Wilmont castle stood and still stands—home of many a merry dance and hearty hospitality, and last, but not least, in fond reminiscence and still quaint and old, was the village site of ancient Oostdorp, much then as it is now, for it was finished long ago. Charley Sherwood, the druggist, Doctors Ellis or Naudain, the medical practitioners, William Cooper, school commissioner and butcher; the old mill at the causeway, one of the Blizzards, the miller; near by the town dock, at which the good sloop Westchester, Captain Ferris, master, had her berth, bringing supplies from the city in exchange for the farmers' produce, for in those days the Harlem Railroad was the nearest rail transportation, and Aleck, blowing his horn, made the rounds with the stage to take up and set down a few venturesome passengers who journeyed cityward. Nigh to the dock, fronting the then open green, stood, and still stands, the sober-tinted hipped roof store of that most excellent of men, Sidney B Bowne, who, if living to-day, could give Macy, Stern, or even the great store of Siegel Cooper points in the variety of his wares. Anything desired was sure

to be on hand, and tradition said that even pulpits and goose yokes, hand-made in those days, formed part of his stock in trade. Good old Mr. Bowne, you were loved and respected by rich and poor ! the memory of thy kindly "thees" and "thous," thy pleasant smile and green baize apron covering thy warm heart as thou dealt out our Jackson balls and bolivars, is one of our fondest youthful memories !

The second Episcopal Church edifice, with its pepper-pot steeple and colonial bell, its high-backed pews, and good Doctor Jackson in its double decked pulpit, was then standing—since destroyed by fire. Captain Hawkins occupied the grounds of the former court house on one side, while on the other was the orthodox Quaker meeting house and graveyard, and diagonally opposite, as it should be, was another sober tinted meeting house of the Hicksite persuasion. Opposite Saint Peter's the Brothers Harrington maintained their school for boys, whose grandchildren are still being taught by the surviving brother at the present school on the Throgg's Neck hill, and further on the turnpike were Edward Haight, the Congressman, Doctor Ellis and Andrew Findlay, surveyor, arbitrator, colonel of militia, assemblyman, and supervisor of two towns in one session at the division of West Farms and Westchester in 1846—an instance never likely to occur again anywhere else except in Westchester County.

Its history, after the last division of the town, from the service of Findlay, in 1846, to that of Augustus M. Field, the last Supervisor in 1895, her gradual change from a rural picturesque region to one more utilitarian, is best told by Sheil's new map of Westchester, made just before its annexation. The Underhills have given place to the Catholic cemetery on the Neck,

the Eastern Boulevard skirts the Country Club grounds, where erstwhile the Ferrises, Bayards and Coopers had their homes; the Protectory with its large domain, and Morris Park with its grand stand, loom up on the high lands, points in the landscape where formerly Saint Peter's spire was the sole landmark to the mariner of Long Island Sound.

The Parkway connects Bronx and Pelham Parks, the Lorillard and bleach mills no longer resound with the hum of machinery, but

“Gentle Bronx still mildly flows
Its verdant banks between,”

and on its shores the tired and worn workers of the great city find recreation and fresh air in the People's domain of Bronx Park. The hamlets of Olinville, Williamsbridge and Wakefield are larger than the County seat in 1851, and problems of drainage, sewerage and road-making succeed to the former cares of an agricultural community. Everywhere the electric cars encumber or will encumber the highways, and the Intercolonial express on the New Haven branch scares the waterfowl with its whistle from the green meadows at the head of the creek.

The old town which gave a name to a county is dead; its history and traditions alone survive, but the forms of its worthies still go trooping past on the panorama of fond recollection. Long since their mortal remains have been taking a quiet rest in Saint Peter's or the Quaker graveyards as they slope towards the creek. The deeds of its early settlers, its martial and forensic heroes, its gallant lads who in a later war helped to maintain the Union their fathers made possible at the old causeway, are all examples

worthy of imitation, whether our feet rest on city or suburban soil, and old Saint Peter's rears its modern spire pointing the way towards the most beautiful of all cities, to which it is hoped we will all be finally annexed, and Butler the sexton tolls the colonial bell, "ringing out the old and ringing in the new."



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